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# CAPTAIN LOGAN

## BLAIR COUNTY'S

## INDIAN CHIEF

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Monument to James Logan, Cayuga Chief, Fort Hill Cemetery, Auburn, N. Y.

(Frontispiece.)

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# CAPTAIN LOGAN

## BLAIR COUNTY'S INDIAN CHIEF

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## A BIOGRAPHY

—BY—

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

(President of the Altoona Tribune)

*"Unlike Logan, the Mingo Chief, Captain Logan, the Cayuga Chief, had no biographer to embellish the pages of history with his eloquence. Well may we say 'The evil that men do lives after them, while the good is oft interred with their bones.'"*

*U. J. JONES' "History of the Juniata Valley."*

ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA

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Jesse Logan, Aged 106 Years, Only Surviving Grandson of Captain Logan.

# I. PREFACE.

SEVERAL years have passed on before sufficient materials could be secured by the writer to piece together a biography of Captain Logan, the Cayuga Chief. In the beginning there seemed to be many insuperable difficulties, but these by research and the "good fortune" of history have one by one disappeared, and the clear and connected story revealed. That Blair County should have been the home and scene of many of the exploits of this noted Indian gives an added interest to this biography, at least to the compiler of these pages. The rocks and hills he hunted over, the springs where he rested and tented, the spots where he trapped the British foe in Revolutionary days, will all have a more poignant charm for his having been here. The sources of information for the preparation of this book have been two-fold, written and oral. The books consulted are Rupp's "History of Five Counties," Meginness' "Otzinachson," Mayer's "Tah-gah-Jute or Logan," Purdy's "Legends of the Susquehanna," Day's "Historical Collections," Bishop Cammerhoff's "Journey to Shamokin, Pa., in 1748," Edwin McMinn's "On the Frontier with Colonel Antes," Reichel's "Memorials of the Moravian Church," Stone's "Life and Times of Red Jacket," Dwight's "Memoirs of Rev. David Brainerd," Boyd's "Indian Local Names," Eshelman's "Indians of Lancaster County," Brunner's "Indians of Berks

County," Linn's "Annals of Buffalo Valley," Jacob's "Sketch of Cresap," Walton's "Conrad Weiser and The Colonial Policy of Pennsylvania," Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," Crantz's "History of the United Brethren," De Schweinitz's "Life and Times of David Zeisberger," Doddridge's "Notes;" also "Handbook of American Indians," "Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania," "Pennsylvania Archives," "Minutes of the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania," "Historical Map of Pennsylvania," etc., etc., and last but not least, U. J. Jones' immortal and monumental work, "History of the Juniata Valley." Of oral sources were John Q. Dyce, (1830-1904), from whom the writer gained his first impressions of the Logan brothers; Thomas G. Simcox, (1840-1914), who was well acquainted with "Old Nichols," an Indian from the reservation who was one of Captain Logan's confidential friends in his latter days, and also of Captain Decker, who knew James Logan, the second son of Shikellemus, also Campbell Herritt, (1833—), John W. Crawford, (1831—), Robert C. Quiggle, (1830—), and John G. Knepley, (1837—), who was "Old Nichols'" intimate friend during his annual visits to the West Branch Valley, which continued until the death of his daughter, Shawana, in February, 1855. Information concerning the life and times of Captain Logan was also obtained from Jacob Quiggle, (1821-1911), who knew Peter Pentz, Jr., Isaac Steele, Captain Decker, and "Little Captain Logan," Captain Logan's son, and from C. W. Dickinson, (1842—), who was familiarly acquainted

with Jim Jacobs, Tall Chief, Jake Faddy, the Shongos, the Jimmersons and other friends of Captain Logan and his son. Also much information was gained from Indians at the reservations in Warren County, Pa., and in New York. All helped to "piece together" the narrative for which the writer is extremely grateful. And to such historians as Mrs. Isaac M. Gross, of "Fort Augusta," Mrs. S. B. Morrison, of Corydon, Dr. John W. Jordon, Librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Rev. George P. Donehoo, of Coudersport, and J. Herbert Walker, of Lewisburg, for the elucidation of knotty problems, the writer is happy to express his sincere thankfulness.

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER,

Altoona Tribune Office, July 28, 1915.

## II. INTRODUCTION.

SO much has been written concerning James Logan, the second son of the immortal Shikellemus, and styled the "greatest of Indian orators," that it would seem only right and just to devote a few pages to the career of the oldest son John, or as he is better known, "Captain Logan." This Indian, who inherited the vice-gerency of the Iroquois or Mingoes upon the death of his father on December 6, 1748, but was disqualified at the Council of the Chiefs because of physical disability, led a tragic life, one of disappointment and bitterness, yet to the end maintained a cheerful manner and a true friendship for the whites. His more noted brother has usurped the page of history and tradition, blackened the family honor, been a "bad" Indian and the time has now come to state the facts plainly that there were two Logans. In these days when peace is held as a cherished ideal, the life of a man of peace will help to bolster up one's faith in calmness, patience and fortitude. The ability to bear injustice, to palliate oppression, to condone misdeeds can only be held in hearts steeped with the full essence of Christianity. In today's complex life such beings are fast becoming rarities. The men of the Old Testament, they of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," are the models for conduct. Captain John Logan, aided only by Christianity of the most nebulous form, surrounded

Logan and His Great-Grand Nieces.

by schemers and oppressors, stands forth as one of the most Christian-like characters in the entire gamut of history. Overlooked by many writers because of his mildness, well-nigh consigned to the limbo of oblivion save for a few paragraphs in Jones' "History of the Juniata Valley," he deserves resuscitation to set a shining example to men, red and white, for ages to come. If General Sherman really said that "there is no good Indian except a dead Indian," he must have been unaware of the life and peaceful deeds of Captain Logan. No character in literature or history since Job was more persecuted than Shikellemus' oldest son. Stripped of everything at the time of his death, he had only words of good will for his persecutors. But time has its victories. A more lawful age, in casting about for heroes of peace, will surely place the name of Captain Logan in its hall of fame. A more critical school of history, if unable to disprove Sherman's words, will cite him as the exception to the rule. And travelers through the Logan Valley gazing over its undulating expanses, its fair streams, its background of towering mountains, will harken back to the noble redman whose name it bears. Time will give Captain Logan a pre-eminent place in written and oral history, just as it will soften its judgment of his persecuted, through rebellous brother, James Logan, the Tah-gah-Jute of history.

## III. HISTORICAL EVIDENCE.

IN order that there may be no confusion on the subject, the principal written statements of the separate existence of the two Logans will be given herewith. In the first place, Jones, in Chapter IX of "History of the Juniata Valley" states, "In the year 1745, Shickalemy paid a visit to the old Chief Kishicokelas, for the purpose of adopting some conciliatory measures to prevent the Indians of the valley from committing depredations upon the settlers. On this occasion, he was accompanied by his sons, John and James Logan." He further states that "Logan, the Mingo Chief, left Kishicoquillas Valley in 1771; while Captain Logan resided in the upper end of Huntingdon County at that time, and a few years afterwards in Logan's Valley, in Blair County. When the Revolution broke out, he moved toward the mountain, in the neighborhood of Chickalacamoose, near what is now Clearfield. He served as a spy for the settlers, and rendered them valuable service. He was an Iroquois or Mingo Indian, too, and a chief; whereas Logan, the Mingo, was no chief until he moved to Ohio after his relatives were murdered and he took up the hatchet against the whites. This explanation is necessary, because many people of Huntingdon and Blair Counties are under the impression that the Captain Logan, who resided in Tuckahoe as late as 1785, and Logan, the Mingo Chief, were one and the same

Logan in the Forest.

person." In Chapter XXXIII of the same work the author names Captain Logan as being one of the last three Indians to remain in the Juniata Valley. In the "Handbook of American Indians," Vol. II, under the heading, "Shikellamy," in a paper contributed by Mr. James Mooney, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, it is stated as follows: "Shikellamy died December 6, 1748. The Colonial government sent a message of condolence, with the usual presents to the family, and requested the eldest son, John or Thacknetoris (Taghneghdoarus) to serve as the Iroquois deputy governor until the Council at Onondaga could make a permanent appointment. Another son of Shikellamy was James Logan."

In "Memorials of the Moravian Church," Vol I, edited by William C. Reichel is the following: "Shikellamy was succeeded in the Vice-Regency by his oldest son, Tachnachdoarus, 'Spreading Oak,' alias John Shikellamy. His second son was James Logan, named for Secretary Logan of Germantown. Logan was lame. John Petty was the youngest of the three brothers, and bore the name of an Indian trader. Another son Jake is said to have been killed in the Indian wars." Dr. John W. Jordan states that a fifth son was also killed in battle. Meginness, in his "Otzinachson," says: "Shickalemy, the Cayuga Chief, had several sons, one of whom was 'Logan, the Mingo Chief,' and another named Taghneghdoarus, who assumed the duties of chief, after his death. He was the oldest." Jones, further in Chapter XXXIII of his great work

says: "Captain Logan formerly resided on the Susquehanna, where he was the captain of a brave band of warriors; but unfortunately, in some engagement with another tribe, he had an eye destroyed by an arrow from the enemy. This was considered a mark of disgrace, and he was deposed; and it was owing to that cause that he abandoned his tribe and took up his residence in the Juniata Valley." And it was the loss of the eye which deprived the Indians on the Susquehanna of a sagacious leader, and is the beginning of a career full of sadness and trouble, which the ensuing pages will strive to unfold.

The Century Old Archer.

## IV. BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

THE word Mingo so often used in connection with the Logan brothers, but more particularly with James Logan, the orator, signifies those members of the Iroquois and cognate tribes which left the villages of the main body before 1750, and formed new settlements in Pennsylvania, on the Ohio and in the neighborhood of the Shawnee, Lenni-Lenape and other tribes. Shikellemus more properly was a chief of the Cayugas, who in 1728 was sent by the Iroquois Council at Onondaga to the forks of the Susquehanna to look after the interests of the Six Nations in the Valley of the Susquehanna and keep watch over the tributary Shawnee and Lenni-Lenape Indians. He took up his abode on a small stream now known as Shikellamy's Run, which flows into the West Branch about a mile below the present town of West Milton. His cabin stood on what is now the George Miller farm, near the old ferry. There Col. Conrad Weiser visited him in February, 1737. He remained there until 1745 when he was promoted to the full vice-gerency over the tributary tribes on the Susquehanna, and his residence fixed at Shamokin, now Sunbury. Though some writers declare that he was a Frenchman, adopted by the Oneidas, Shikellemus always maintained that he was a Cayuga and a full blooded Indian. His wife, Neanoma, was a Oneida, and he married her in New York state a

dozen years before removing to Pennsylvania. Shikellemus was born at the foot of Owasco Lake, not far from the present city of Auburn, N. Y., in 1690. He was therefore a man of mature years and judgment when he took up his abode on the Susquehanna. Truman H. Purdy, author of "Legends of the Susquehanna' is among the numerous writers who have stated that by his marriage Shikellemus became the father of one daughter and three sons. But in reality there were five boys. Of these, Captain John Logan, the eldest, or Tachnachdoarus, was born on Butternut Creek in New York State in 1718; James Logan, the second son, was two years younger, and was born in the same village. These lads did not receive the Logan cognomens until after their father had brought them to Pennsylvania. Previous to that they were known as Tachnachdoarus (The Spreading Oak) and Tah-gah-jute, (The Beetling Browed), respectively. Both were described as handsome boys, erect, lithe, and perfectly formed. Reichel's statement that James Logan was lame was evidently caused by the oft-repeated allusion to Captain Logan's blindness of one eye, which to the Indians amounted to a deformity. Neanoma was stated to be the most beautiful Indian woman of her day. Her father was said to have been a Dutch trader named Killian who became enamored with her mother, the daughter of a chief of the Oneidas. Shikellemus is described as "a short, stoutly built man," and again "as being so solidly built that he did not look his

six feet in height." His hair was said to be raven black, but his eyes were light grey. Coming from such parentage it is small wonder that Captain Logan and his brother had light eyes, but their hair was jetty black. As boys they outstripped their playmates in feats of agility and strength, and as hunters ranked ahead of many of the older braves.

## V. EARLY LIFE AT SHAMOKIN (SUNBURY.)

ON all sides Captain Logan has been described as a model of dutiful, homeloving son in contradistinction to his brother James, who was from earliest youth a wanderer. Reichel relates that the great orator of later years was absent from Shamokin on one of his mysterious trips when his father passed away, and, returning a few days later, shed bitter tears over the bier on which lay the vice-gerent's corpse attired in full warrior's regalia. Not that James Logan was callous—far from it, he was a man of fine feeling, but he had few domestic qualities. On all sides it was acclaimed that Captain Logan, the oldest son, would follow in the footsteps of his distinguished sire, and be a wise administrator and fearless leader. The old chief kept the youth at his side at all times, seemingly anxious to impart his store of knowledge and experience to him. He entrusted him with many confidential missions to the white men and to the surrounding tribes of Indians. Rupp in his "History of the Five Counties" states that "Jack" Logan, as he was affectionately called by some of the missionaries, was sent to deliver the murderers of Jack Armstrong, a trader who was killed in the Narrows in 1744, to the friends of the dead man. Dutiful as Captain Logan was, this must have been a painful task, Armstrong having injured him in days gone by, and to the average

A Last Glimpse of Logan.

"savage" there is no such thing as forgiveness. A word as to the identity of Armstrong. Some writers have confused him with "Black Jack" Schwartz, the "Wild Hunter of the Juniata," who gave his name to the towering Jack's Mountains. As Jack Armstrong was killed in 1744, and the "Wild Hunter" was alive as late as 1755, when his services as scout were refused by General Braddock, there seems to be no reason to imagine them one and the same person. As Captain Logan approached manhood he manifested a lively interest in the opposite sex. More gallant at all times than his brother James, this predilection was pleasing to old Shikellemus, who seemed anxious to perpetuate his race through his favorite son and heir. About 1738, both lads chose life partners, and the tradition is that they were married by a Roman Catholic Priest, (Father MacMahon), who in some way had strayed into the wild region. Captain Logan's bride was like the wife of Shikellemus, noted for her beauty, and like her a half-breed. She came from one of the dependent tribes of the Shawnees, and was called by the missionaries and traders Vastina. James Logan's wife, Lyola, was a Mohican, and a niece of the celebrated warrior, Captain Abraham. Six children were born to Captain Logan and his wife, while the home of James Logan was blessed with five little ones. In Bishop Cammerhoff's "Journey to Shamokin, Pa., in 1748," under date of January 14, appears the following: "During the afternoon, with Bro. Mack, we visited Shikellemy and his family. Last autumn many

of his family died, viz: his oldest son's wife and five children, three of Logan's children, and his son-in-law, and some of his children." From this it will be seen that Captain Logan had suffered a great bereavement, the fair Vastina and five of their six children had gone to the unknown country, "the land beyond the mountains." One child only, called "Little Logan" by the whites, and Tod-kah-dohs, or The Searcher by the Indians, survived this awful holocaust. Though "Little Logan" lived on until 1844, dying at the age of 100 years, he was never robust, and of no great mental gifts.

One of Captain Logan's Descendants (Mary Pierce) With a Chief's War Club.

## VI. A GREAT TRAGEDY.

IT is related that when Captain Logan went courting the fair Vastina she was living with her parents not far from the site of Thomas McKee's trading house on the Susquehanna. Her father was a Shawnee warrior, from the mouth of Pequea Creek, near the home of the Conestogas; her mother it is stated on good authority was a Quaker woman. The girl did not betray her Indian blood in her appearance, except that her hair was black; her olive complexion and hazel eyes might have been those of a European; her form was well rounded and shapely. While from the first Captain Logan was the favored suitor, there was another whose jealous eyes were cast on the beautiful girl. This was no less a person than Jack Armstrong, the trader. This man, who is said to have been no relation to the celebrated Colonel Armstrong, sold "fire water" to the redskins, helping to sow the seeds of their moral and physical decline. He was a mature man, whereas Captain Logan at that period was a youth in his teens. Armstrong was a good shot with the rifle, but also boasted of considerable prowess with the bow and arrow. One afternoon, an informal archery contest was held under some big walnut trees which lined the river bank near Vastina's modest home. It is averred that among those present was the celebrated Colonel Conrad Weiser. It was about the year 1737. Armstrong executed some good

shots at the target placed at 200 paces, but was out-shot by his savage rival, Captain Logan. Armstrong complained that the light, coming down through the trees hindered his sight. On hearing this, Captain Logan courteously ran forward to readjust the target which was nailed to one of the big trees. As he did so, one of Armstrong's servants, who was holding his master's bow and arrow quickly took aim and fired, the dart piercing one of Captain Logan's eyes. The Indian clapped his hand to his face, but could not prevent the injured optic from running out. Armstrong was profuse in his apologies, berating the servant severely for his impetuosity, declaring that it was all a huge mistake. What thoughts passed through Captain Logan's brain can best be conjectured. A disfigured Indian was disqualified to hold a chiefship, he was shunned by the women, looked upon as an outcast by his tribesmen. Like a wounded buffalo is forced out of the herd, he must be a pariah to the end of his days. Imagine therefore his surprise when the beautiful Vastina, who had been seated on the grass watching the contest, got up, and running forward threw her arms about the blinded redskin. Leading him tenderly to a spring which welled up near the river bank, she bathed the damaged eye all the while caressing and kissing the unfortunate youth. With such a show of preference, Armstrong skulked away from the grove, but it is known that he afterwards entertained hatred both for Captain Logan and Vastina. The young couple were married shortly after, and lived happily

until death dissolved their contract. Such was Vastina's popularity among the Mingoes that her husband was better received than most disfigured redmen. She obtained for him a degree of recognition, and kept alive his father's love which otherwise might have been transferred to his second son, James Logan. The bridegroom was beginning to "live down" his great tragedy when river fever cast its unholy shadow over the vice-regal camp, and in a few weeks destroyed the lives of the beautiful and devoted young wife and five of the six pretty children, as recorded in the previous chapter.

## VII. DISQUALIFIED AS VICE-GERENT.

IN the handbook of American Indians, Vol. II, the death of Shikellemus is there described: "On his way to Shamokin, (after his conversion at Bethlehem), he fell ill of fever and ague at Tulpehocking, and had barely strength to reach his home. Zeisberger, who had returned to his post, ministered to the stricken chieftain until his death, Dec. 6, 1748.* The colonial government sent a message of condolence, with the usual presents, to the family, and requested the eldest son of Shikellamy, John or Thachnectoris (Taghneghdoarus) to serve as the Iroquois deputy governor until the council at Onondaga could make a permanent appointment." Doubtless those in authority were not fully aware of Captain Logan's disfigurement, or they would have been more cautious in sending such a message. However, Colonel Weiser presented the message personally to the son-and-heir, at his meeting with him at the trading house of Thomas McKee, twenty miles below Shamokin, in April 1749. Weiser's words are as follows: "I gave a string of Wampum to Taghneghdoarus, Shikellamy's eldest son, and desired him to take upon him the care of a chief in the stead of his deceased father, and to be our true correspondent until there should be a meeting between the Governor of Pennsylvania and some of the Six Nation Chiefs, and confirmed, if he would follow the foot-steps of his deceased

* See Appendix A.

Oldest House in Cornplanter Reservation. Birthplace of Jim Jacobs, Indian Elk Hunter.

father. He accepted thereof, and I sent a string of Wampum by Toganogon, (who was then setting out for Cayuckquo) to Onantogo to let the Council of the Six Nations know of Shikellamy's death and my transaction by order of the Governor. There was a necessity for my doing so." This last sentence is significant. Weiser evidently hoped that in some way the loyal, intelligent and calm Captain Logan, despite his affliction, might be continued as Vice-gerent at Shamokin. James Logan was not wanted by the Proprietaries. Already he had shown acts of insubordination, which later developed into downright treachery. But the hopes of the Government were in vain. According to Reichel, the Council of Chiefs passed the vice-gerency on to the third son of Shilkellemus, John Petty, who, assuming the name of Shikellemy, held the position until the seat of Indian activities was removed to Kittanning and Logstown, about 1754. John Petty Shikellemy was not highly thought of, he was "tricky," yet was more trustworthy than James Logan. By 1750 we find Captain Logan stripped of his official position, friendless, wifeless, and accompanied only by his surviving child, the puny "Little Logan," locating in a humble cabin on the Juniata, far from the realm which was his to rule by right of birth. The historian Jones aptly describes his condition at that time in the following words: "The most prominent friendly Indian that ever resided in the Juniata Valley was Captain Logan. He is represented as having been a noble and honorable In-

dian, but like all Indians, revengeful in his character. A kindness and an insult alike remained indelibly stamped upon the book and page of his memory; and to make a suitable return for the former he would have laid down his life, shed the last drop of his heart's blood. He was a man of medium height and heavy frame; notwithstanding which he was fleet of foot and ever on the move. He settled with his family in the little valley east of Martin Bell's furnace, which is still known as Logan's Valley. He had previously resided on the Susquehanna, where he was captain of a brave band of warriors; but, unfortunately, in some engagement with another tribe he had an eye destroyed by an arrow from the enemy. This was considered a mark of disgrace, and he was deposed; and it was owing to that cause that he abandoned his tribe and took up his residence in the Juniata Valley. And it was there that he wrote his name indelibly into the valley's history."

Betsy O'Ball, or O'Boyle, Only Surviving Grand-daughter of Chief Cornplanter, With Stalk of Indian Tobacco.

## VIII. GOOD INDIAN.

IF Captain Logan had been content to remain in his little hut near the site of Martin Bell's Furnace, in what is now Logan Valley, all might have been well with him. He was beloved by all the white hunters and traders who came in contact with him, and game such as buffaloes, moose, elk, bears and deer abounded in the valley and on the high mountains, while the Little Juniata and its tributaries teemed with salmon, shad and trout. Jones, the faithful historian, has best described his reasons for his removal to another abiding place. "One day, while hunting, he happened to pass the beautiful spring near the mouth of the Bald Eagle—now in the heart of Tyrone City. The favorable location for both hunting and fishing, as well as the charming scenery, fascinated Logan; and he built himself a wigwam immediately above the Spring, to which he removed his family." This family consisted of his only sister (who later was murdered by Daniel Greathouse on the Ohio River), his son Little Logan, or The Searcher, and sometimes his youngest brother John Petty, who after 1754 divided part of his time between there and the cabin of his second brother James Logan, at the famous "Logan Spring" at Reedsville. At Tyrone Captain Logan remained up to the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. In 1771, James Logan tired of the idealistic life at Reedsville and departed for

the wilder regions of the Ohio. He tried to induce Captain Logan to accompany him, but he declined on the grounds that he loved his home and his white neighbors. But the winning personality of the "Mingo Chief" was too much for Captain Logan's sister and son, and for John Petty. They "pulled up stakes" and departed for the west, leaving Captain Logan to work out his destiny as best he could alone. One of Captain Logan's most intimate friends at this time was John Kelly, a young pioneer who had in 1768 moved from Lancaster County into Buffalo Valley. With him he hunted buffaloes on many occasions, scores of these noble beasts falling to their unerring bullets. In 1774 came the news of the foul murder of James Logan's family by the white settlers.* It was hurtful to Captain Logan; he is said to have aged ten years on hearing it, but he refused to allow it to shake his faith in his white friends. The following year occurred James Logan's famous visit to his brother's cabin at the mouth of the Bald Eagle. The bereaved and maligned chieftain was regaling his older brother with the story of his woes, the cruel murder of his sister and brother, which Captain Logan steadfastly refused to believe was ordered by the government, when a messenger arrived warning James Logan that he must return west on pain of death, and informing Captain Logan that he would be liable to imprisonment for harboring him. James Logan went sorrowfully away in the night. Yet Captain Logan contin-

* See Appendix B.

ued to trust the white men around him. When the Revolutionary War broke out, Captain Logan espoused the Patriot Cause. Jones in describing the worthy redman at this time says: "He lived at the mouth of Bald Eagle, during the Revolutionary War, not altogether inactive, for his sympathies were on the side of liberty. During that time he formed a strong attachment to Captain Ricketts of Warrior's Mark, and they became fast friends. It was to Ricketts that Captain Logan first disclosed the plot of the Tories under John Weston; and Edward Bell gave it as his firm conviction that Logan was among the Indions who shot down Weston and his men on their arrival at Kittanning." At this time, it was in the spring of 1778, Captain Logan was employed as a spy by Major Cluggage. Logan's bravery was reported to General Washington by his old time friend and hunting companion, John Kelly, who had become a Colonel. At this time, Captain Logan began to hear of his brother's savage reprisals in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, and it almost broke his heart to think that the name of Logan should be steeped in so much innocent blood. He refused to accept any honors for his exploits against the Tories, and returned to his cabin where Tyrone City now stands. There, according to Jones, he found a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. We will again quote the noted historian on this point: "Although Logan had learned to read from the Moravian missionaries when quite a lad, he knew very little of the formula of land purchases; so he

failed to make a regular purchase of the spot on which his cabin stood, the consequence of which was that after the war, some envious white man bought the land and warned the friendly savage off. Logan was too proud and haughty to contest the matter, or even bandy words with the intruder; so he left and located at Chickalacamoose, where Clearfield now stands, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna." It was a shabby return for patriot zeal, but Captain Logan's primitive Christianity was used to being put to tests and triumphing. At Chickalacamoose the noble Indian built himself a comfortable log-cabin near a fine spring. Soon after his arrival there he killed a mammoth moose, the horns of which nailed above the cottage door, were a familiar land-mark. But the reports of James Logan's revengeful conduct, especially his drinking habits were too much for Captain Logan to bear. He must leave his new home on the West Branch and teach his savage brother the evil of his ways. Added to this sorrow came the news that his son, Little Captain Logan, as he was now called, or Tod-kah-dohs, had taken to drinking and with his uncle, James, was participating in some frightful sprees. So with the firm conviction that he was doing right, Captain Logan after blazing the trees which bordered his property to make good his "tomahawk claim," started for the West.

Monument to Chief Cornplanter at His Grave Near Corydon,
Warren County, Erected by State of Pennsylvania, 1866,
Showing Two of His Descendants, Jack Logan
(at left) and Willie Gordon.

## IX. THE ERRING BROTHER.

IN the Fall of 1779, when Captain Logan, after an eventful journey, reached his brother and son on the Holston River, he found them living anything but a decent life. On the way the anxious brother and parent had been shot at by Patriots who mistook him for an Indian in the British service, and carried a stiff arm as a result. James Logan and Little Captain Logan refused to speak to him at first, thinking him a spy for the Patriots, and in the night when both were drunk, they threatened to kill him and throw his body into the river. But Captain Logan persisted, urging James Logan to lead a better life and be worthy of the traditions of his noble father and sainted mother. He pleaded with Tod-kah-dohs, for the sake of his dead mother, the beautiful Vastina, to stop drinking and come east to Chickalacamoose and be a reputable man and citizen. But the youth only laughed in his father's face saying: "The whites struck out your eye, they could not keep you in power as vice gerent, they would not let you entertain your own brother in your home, as a reward for your services in the war, they robbed you of your property, you are nobody, nothing, unworthy of following or belief." Yet Captain Logan's proud heart was not broken by this unfilial speech. Abused and taunted and made the witness of shocking scenes, including many beatings of James's wife, the old Indian remained until in a moment of sobriety, Young Captain Logan consented to accompany him back to

Chickalacamoose. He warned James Logan that unless he stopped drinking, he would come to a bad end. "No worse than yours will be," was the laconic reply. Captain Logan insisted that the Patriots would be victorious, that all Indians who committed atrocities for the British would suffer, that James should cease hostilities and retire to the wilderness until peace was declared. To which James Logan replied that "When the war would be over he would be dead, but while it lasted he would kill as many persons as he pleased." Evidently the "Mingo Chief' fancied that the war would last many years, or had a prophetic vision of his own untimely end. The parting between the two sons of Shikellemus was not very affecting. James refused to shake his brother's hand, but turned his back with a volley of profanity. It was all so strange to Captain Logan to see his brother so debased, he seemed like "a great angel fallen," but he comforted himself with the knowledge that rum had caused the breakdown. Liquor had made his wrongful accusation of Captain Cresap, his shielding of the guilty Greathouse, the rightful murderer of the Logan family, it had caused his frightful butcheries among women and children, his ill-usage of his own wife, his making a drunkard of his nephew, his treachery to the Patriots, his contempt for his loving brother, the turning of a splendid human temple into a wretched charnel house, marked for speedy death. Captain Logan forgave this and more, as he turned his head eastward, thankful to have his boy restored to him, and eager to again occupy his cozy cabin at Chickalacamoose.

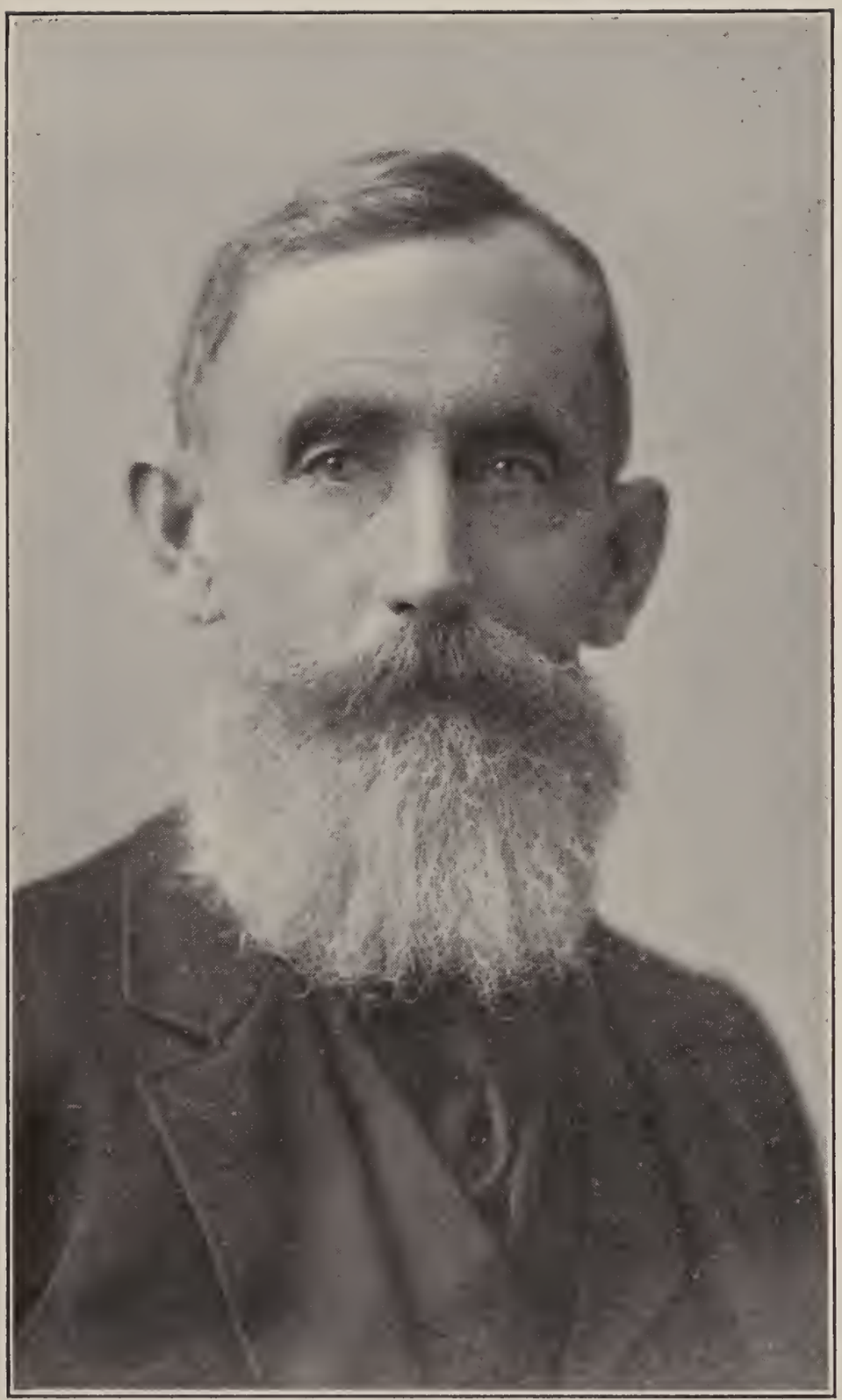
LOGAN HOUSE, ALTOONA, PA.

An Historic Structure Named for Captain Logan.

## X. THE PRICE.

AS the aged Cayuga Chieftain and his son approached the "tomahawk claim" at Chickalacamoose, they perceived smoke issuing from a new stone chimney in the familiar log-cabin. What could it mean? As they entered the clearing they noticed a red-headed woman and two little girls husking corn—Captain Logan's crop. The woman, when she saw two Indians coming out of the woods, screamed and ran toward the cabin. Their shrieks drew the man of the house, a heavy looking individual with a long black beard, who rushed out of the door, with one hand throwing away his corncob pipe while he primed his flintlock with the other. If Captain Logan and his son had not—and contrary to their custom—thrown up their hands they would have been a couple of dead Indians. As it was, a parley ensued during which Logan attempted to prove himself the rightful owner of the premises, which he had quitted but four months previously. But the settler, a man named Earon, was firm, displaying a patent from the Penn family, signed, sealed and dated. The Indian was convinced that he had been only a squatter, but asked before departing for the moose horns which had adorned the lintel. "I'm sorry," replied the settler, "but I had just finished sawing them into corn huskers when I heard my women folks shouting 'bloody murder.'" Tears came into old Captain Logan's eyes, even his last trophy of the chase was gone from him. The pioneer pitied the old man, and asked him to

stay for supper, but the proud redskin declined the invitation. Turning away with his son, he re-entered the darkening forest, his heart heavy with grief. He did not have long to brood in silence, for he was brought to his senses by the angry voice of his son, who shouted, "So this is what you brought me east for—you have no home, you old vagabond, I'd much rather be with Uncle James, scalping and hunting, than here chasing a will o' the wisp." "We'll have a home some day," replied Captain Logan, but he could say no more, sobs choking his utterance. The two Logans camped for the night by Moose Creek, and at daybreak Tod-kah-dohs announced that he was starting west to join his Uncle James. Captain Logan let him go without a word, and the parting was almost in silence. Left to himself, Captain Logan decided to return to the Juniata, where he bivouacked for a time in Riggle's Gap. Meeting by chance his old admirer, Major Ricketts, he again enlisted with the Patriot forces as a spy. He was in the vicinity of Pittsburg when the news was brought to him that Tod-kah-dohs, shortly after rejoining James Logan near Detroit, had, in a drunken quarrel, slain his ill-starred uncle. The boy had escaped to the woods, and as Logan left no relatives except a much beaten-up widow, there was little chance of a "blood atonement.' Captain Logan served until the close of the war, when some of his military friends without his knowledge sought to secure back for him his property at Tyrone City. But the influences possessed by the new owner were such that nothing came of the well-meant effort.



Thomas G. Simcox (1840-1914), Intimate Friend of Pennsylvania Indians.

## XI. THE END.

FROM the close of the war until 1785, Logan lived peacefully at Tuckahoe, on property owned by the Bell family, who had always befriended him. Then came the news that his son, under the title of "Captain Logan," was living at the Cold Spring on the Allegheny Seneca Reservation. Paternal love was greater than all other instincts, and the old Indian started on foot for his son's home. He stopped for a time at Chickalacamoose, where Earon, the settler, who owned his old "claim," welcomed him and offered him asylum to the end of his days. But he preferred to journey on by easy stages, eventually reaching the Reservation. There he met an old-time friend, Captain Decker, the warrior who conducted him to the cabin of Tod-kah-dohs. Despite his forebodings, "Little Logan" greeted his father warmly, introducing him to his wife and several small children, who clung to their new-found grand-sire's robes.* It was a happy moment for Captain Logan. "Little Logan," who had married a sensible woman of the Senecas—a daughter of Chief Cornplanter—had stopped his drinking habits, and his whole nature seemed changed for the better. He invited his father to make himself at home, to end his days in his household. To this the old chief acquiesced, and from that time began the best days of his life. He became a basket maker, assisted the Quaker missionaries, hoed garden, fished and hunted, trying in every

* See Appendix C.

way to lead a useful life. In 1791 he removed to the Cornplanter reservation in Pennsylvania, to be near his old-time friend, the great chief of that name. Towards the close of every Summer, he would start on a "visiting trip," his objective point being the Juniata Valley, where the Winters were milder than in the North. He invariably stopped a few days with Colonel Kelly, near Derrstown, now Lewisburg, sometimes accompanying him on an elk or buffalo hunt. And he always visited and grieved in silence over the graves of his parents, his wife, and his children in the Indian burying ground on the "cape," near Sunbury. There is also a well-founded tradition that Shikellemus is buried on the Miller farm, otherwise called "Shikellamy's Old Town," near Milton. Then he would wend his way across the Chestnut Ridge, heading for the Juniata. He was well remembered by the older generations in New Berlin and Swinefordstown, which towns he invariably passed through. And here we will once more quote the historian Jones: "Captain Logan continued visiting the Juniata Valley, and especially when any of his friends among the pioneers died. On such occasions he generally discarded his red and blue eagle-feathers, and appeared in a plain suit of citizen's clothes. But at length Logan came no more. The Great Spirit called him to a happier hunting-ground; and all that is mortal of him—unless his remains have been ruthlessly torn from the bosom of mother earth, lies beneath the sod, near the mouth of Chickalacamoose

Stack of Martin Bell's Furnace at Bellwood, Pennsylvania, Near Captain Logan's Blair County Home.

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRA J. STOUFFER, ALTOONA, PA.

Creek." This coincides with the tradition that in the Spring of 1820 he was on his way northward, night overtaking him at the home of a family named Smith near Clearfield. He passed away peacefully at midnight, of no apparent cause except old age, in his one hundred and second year. There is also the story that he died on the reservation, and is buried near the grave of Blacksnake at Red House. A third tradition gives his grave near that of Cornplanter, at Gawango. His son, Tod-kah-dohs, survived him many years, dying on the Alleghany reservation in 1844, in the one hundredth year of his age. He left descendants, so that it cannot be said, "The blood of Logan flows not in any man." This ended the career of an Indian Chief—Blair County's Indian Chief—a career unique in the annals of the redmen. During his life of a century or more he never drew his knife or bow against any man red or white, except for a just cause. He shed no human blood, except that of the Tory spies and renegades, who would have destroyed still-born the liberty of the Colonies. His influence was always exerted for moral betterment, for liberty, for justice, and above all for peace. Though a constant sufferer through man's injustice, and especially from white men, he always "turned the other cheek"—no rancor, no hate, no spite ever ruffled the calmness of his spirit. He was ever ready to forgive and to forget, to make friendships, to disarm rivalries. His supreme belief was that through doing good, happiness alone would come. That hap-

piness he found in his heart even if his outward life brought him many tears. Though baptized by the Moravians, and married by the Roman Catholic faith to a Quaker wife, his last days, like those of his friend, Red Jacket, were spent in the so-called Paganism of his fathers; though the Quaker missionaries considered him their greatest helper among his race. But whatever his religious tendencies, his faith was bigger and broader than any church, it consisted in "doing good"—a sublime creed for any man, savage or civilized. Captain Logan, the Indian who never led an army of rapine, who had few scalps on his belt, few notches on his gun, who worked for peace, who forgave his enemies, and who died at peace with all mankind, looms big in the list of distinguished American aborigines. And in these days when the World is disgusted with War Lords, and princes of pillage and disaster, the quiet, calm, friendly figure of Captain Logan very closely approaches the ideal set down by the Prince of Peace. In the beautiful Fort Hill Cemetery at Auburn, N. Y., not many miles from the banks of Lake Cayuga, where the Logan brothers first saw the light of day coming over the forest-clad headlands, stands a handsome monument to the warrior son of Shikellemus, James Logan, or Tah-gah-jute. In the beautiful Logan Valley, on some quiet hillside above the "Blue Juniata," and backed by the towering *massif of* the Allegheny Range would be a fitting place for a handsome monument to the peace-loving son of Shikellemus, Captain Logan, or Tach-

Captain Logan's Spring in Heart of City of Tyrone, Blair County.

nachdoarus. The presence of such a monument would be a spiritual inspiration to the busy workers who now make the valley hum with their industry, to the millions of travellers who follow the "iron horse" in the sumptuous trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad which thunder east and west. The name of Captain Logan, and all he stood for, should impress itself on young and old, and in such a way that when travellers would ask "Who's Captain Logan?" the reply would come, "He was a good Indian, a man of peace, a redskin who ever kept off the war-path." And when that monument is dedicated it will be another of the triumphs of peace—honorable peace—the only kind of peace that counts, for that was the peace of Captain Logan. And if ghosts do walk, the spirit of Captain Logan will brood over the valley which bears his name, even more than it does now, bringing happiness, love and prosperity, the spiritual offspring of peace. "Peace hath its victories" and after all they are the most lasting, and immortal is the name of Captain Logan.

## APPENDIX A.

(Inscription placed on monument erected to Shikellemus, father of Captain Logan, at Sunbury, formerly Shamokin). From Daily Item, Sunbury, Pennsylvania:

### MEMORIAL CALLS SHIKELLAMY DIPLOMAT AND STATESMAN.

The grass at the base of the boulder erected by Fort Augusta Chapter, D. A. R., at the bend of the river where the north and west branches meet, has been worn away by many feet of persons, who have stepped close to read the inscription on the bronze tablet recently placed on the boulder.

The stone itself, rough hewn and massive, stands over five feet in height and is three feet square. The tablet is in the form of a keystone nearly two feet in length, which is embedded in the surface of the stone. On the top is embossed the coat of arms of Pennsylvania.

The inscription below is as follows:

ERECTED AS A MEMORIAL
TO
SHIKELLAMY, ALSO SWATANEY, "OUR ENLIGHTENER,"
THE REPRESENTATIVE OF SIX NATIONS
IN THIS PROVINCE.
FIRST SENT TO SHAMOKIN (SUNBURY) IN 1728.
APPOINTED VICE-GERENT IN 1745. DIED DEC. 6, 1748.
HE WAS BURIED NEAR THIS SPOT.
THIS DIPLOMAT AND STATESMAN WAS A FIRM FRIEND
OF THE PROVINCE OF PENNSYLVANIA.
ERECTED BY THE FORT AUGUSTA CHAPTER, D. A. R.,
IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE
PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL COMMISSION
JUNE, 1915.
(DEDICATED, OCT. 15, 1915.)

Dr. Owen Jacobs (at right) and son Ezra (late of U. S. A.)
Descendants of Captain Jacobs, of Fort Kittanning Fame.

## APPENDIX B.

Speech of James Logan, brother of Captain Logan, delivered in November, 1774, said by Doddridge to be "The Finest Morsel of Indian Eloquence":

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Col. Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

## APPENDIX C.

### Statement of Jesse Logan, Aged 106 Years.

"I was born on the west bank of the Alleghany River, in the Cornplanter reservation, in 1809, the same year as Abraham Lincoln. My father was John Logan, Jr., a Cayuga, the only surviving child of Captain John Logan, the oldest son of Shikellemy. My mother was a daughter of the Seneca chief Cornplanter. My father, after retiring from the warpath, settled at Cold Spring, in the Allegheny reservation, in New York State, where he died in 1844, aged 100 years. Early in life he married Annie, a daughter of Cornplanter, who bore him five children, three daughters and two sons. The last were named Lyman and Jesse. When my grandfather was old he came to this reservation, where he lived with my father until his death. To the best of my knowledge, he died in this reservation, and is buried near the grave of Chief Cornplanter. I married Susan, a Seneca maid, and we had one child, James Logan, who died at the age of thirty. He was named for my great-uncle, the immortal Cayuga orator. Physically, my father and my son were small men, much smaller than my grandfather or my great-uncle. I took after my grandfathers, as I am of large stature. I remember Cornplanter, my maternal grandfather, very well. He was a large, strong man, not dark in color, and with gray eyes. He was a great man for work. Every morning, winter or summer, rain or shine, at six o'clock he would

Captain Logan's Favorite Spring Near Bell's Old Furnace.

come out of his house and ring a big dinner bell as a signal for all to get busy. He wore a red cap much the same as the white hunters do now. I remember Philip Tomb, the great elk and panther hunter, who lived a mile up the river. I hunted elks with the famous Jim Jacobs many times. I was taught to hunt by my grandfather, who died about 1820. He was a very old man when I was very young, but I recall what he looked like. I killed hundreds of elks, many bears and deer, and quite a few panthers, the last in 1860. I have always been fond of sport. I walk two miles to town (Corydon) every time there is a baseball game. As a boy I excelled at the Indian games of long ball and snow snake. I love a joke and enjoy a good dinner. I use tobacco and liquor sparingly. I attribute my long life to my love of outdoor exercise and hunting and fishing. In my old age I am well cared for by my Indian friends, but I regret that "my blood flows not in any living person," to use the language of my great-uncle James. There are many Logans in the reservations in Pennsylvania and New York; some are descended from my brother and sisters, others adopted the name because of the honor attached to it. I wish that I had been invited to attend the unveiling of my great-grandfather's (Shikellemy's) monument in Sunbury next week, but I guess that the world has forgotten Logan. I tried to fight for the white men in the Civil War, but when I got to Harrisburg I was sent back as too old. But I was a dead shot, and can still beat men one-quarter of my age with the gun and bow and arrow. Next summer, if I

live, I hope to be able to visit the Logan Valley, where my grandfather resided, and view the scenes that my father loved to talk about. I would also like to visit Mrs. Gross, at "Fort Augusta," who has done so much to honor Shikellemy's memory. I have lived a long while, but I am not tired of life, and each day seems new and pleasant to me."

CORNPLANTER RESERVATION, PENNSYLVANIA, OCTOBER 9, 1915.

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